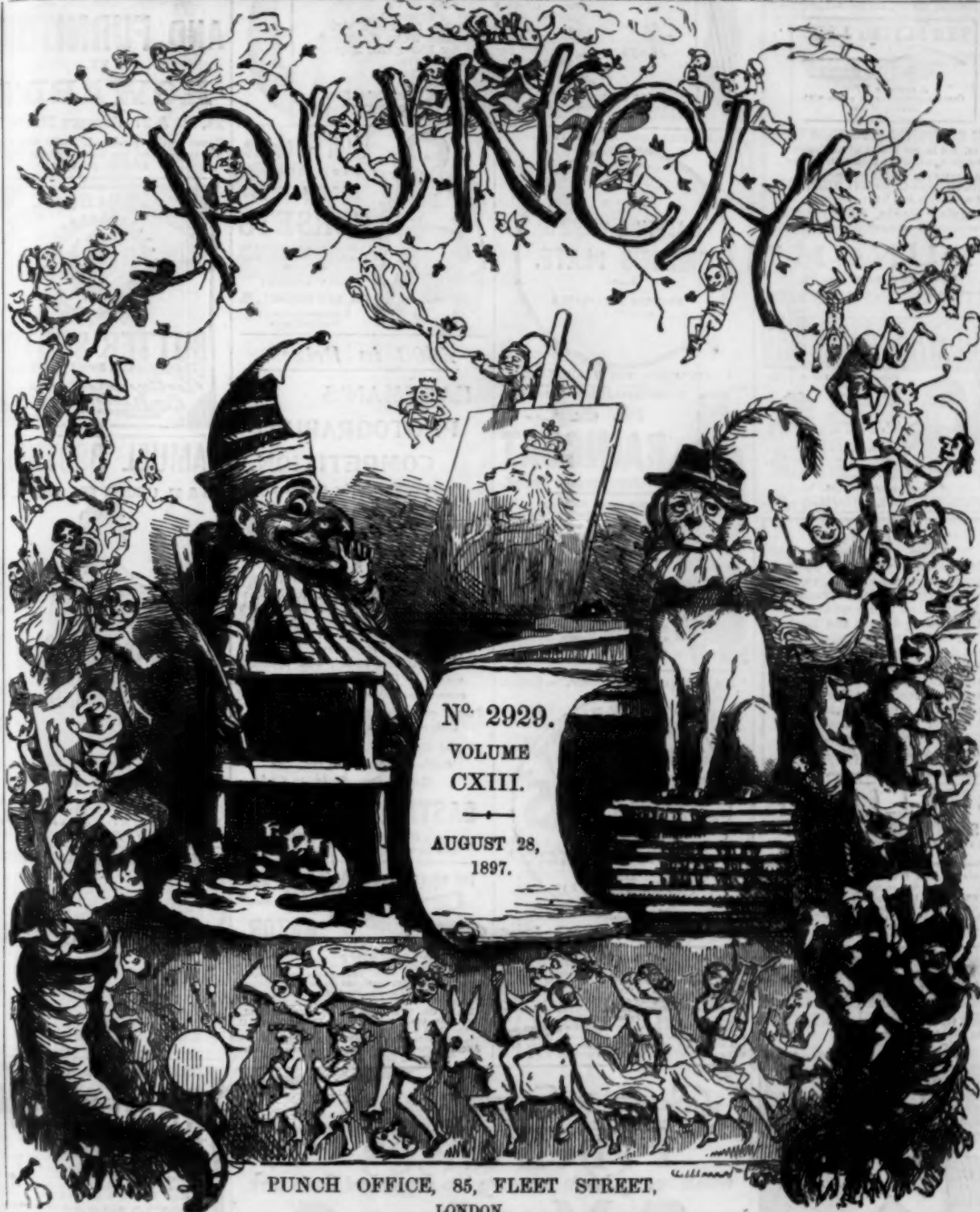


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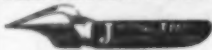
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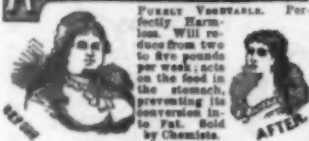
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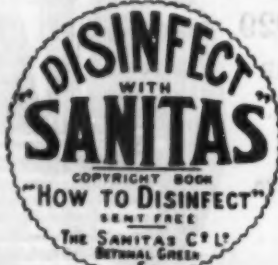
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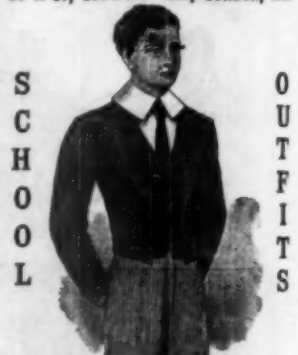
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HALL CAINE, 1ST LORD MANXMAN.

Arms: Quarterly; 1st, three human legs conjoined at the thigh and fixed in a triangle garnished and hygienically knickered proper running gaily through several editions; 2nd, under a flourish proper of trumpets a christian in broadcloth issuant pelle-melle from a printing-press; 3rd, sable a scapegoat preceded in triumph by a bondsman more or less accurately portrayed; 4th, two manx cats passant with sensational tales sported and displayed specially contributed by the present holder of the title. *Crest:* An author of distinction aesthetically habited proper, charged in outrecuidance with a sprig of the ma(n)x beerbohm effron ée for réclame. *Supporters:* Dexter, an ancient statesman void of guile inveigled drawn and exploited to the full; sinister, a dignitary of the church radiant in approbation scenting purple patches for delivery in a rural diocese arrayed proper to the ninca. *Second Motto:* "And the harvest shall be mine."

[We understand from a purely casual chat with the Artist-Author of the above Arms that he is so prostrated by the "colossal" work entailed in its production that he is unable for the moment to grant more than three or four accidental interviews to the press per day. All allusions have had to be most carefully verified and reported on by experts. Sensational and blood-curdling details of the next drawing of the series may be obtained at his private address.]

DIARY OF A WOULD-BE CONTRIBUTOR.

Sunday.—Completed my sixty-page article upon "Feather-Weights considered from an Antediluvian Point of View," and posted it to the *Quarterly Entertainer*.

Monday.—Just got a recent number of the *Author*. See that editors are bound to return MS. Wire to the editor of the *Quarterly Entertainer* to know what has become of my paper on "Feather-Weights considered, &c."

Tuesday.—Reply from editor (by post) that there is no recollection of the receipt of my MS. at office of Q. E. Too indignant for further action.

Wednesday.—Have consulted a solicitor. He is distinctly of opinion that I have a case for untold damages, or at any rate to secure a verdict covering costs.

Thursday.—Down to the office of the *Quarterly Entertainer* to demand my rights. Altercation with attendant in the hall, who attempts to prevent my entrance. Force my way into the editor's room, and find its occupant surrounded by voluntary contributors asking for their papers—or his blood. Editor declines to give either. Ultimately am ejected with the rest by the assistant-deputy-junior-sub-editor and auxiliary chucker-out.

Friday.—Return to the office of the *Quarterly Entertainer* with my solicitor, and freely distribute writs. Find other would-be contributors engaged in the same occupation.

Saturday.—Last visit to the bureau of my adopted periodical. Try to see the editor, to talk matters over quietly, and then come to a peaceable arrangement. Find that the editor is away. Ask for his private address. After some difficulty, it is given to me. Owing to the strain caused by the suggestion that all MS. should be returned, the editor has gone—for the sake of his health—to Colney Hatch.

A SYNONYM.

(With a difference.)

No matter though they cough and choke;
While "gentlemen" presume
Outside an omnibus to smoke—
Ladies can only "fume."

At Boulogne.

Mrs. Sweetly (on her honeymoon). Isn't it funny, ARCHIBALD, to see so many foreigners about? And all talking French!

BY THE GOLDEN SANDS.

(Mr. Punch's Special Correspondence.)

Sheringham.—Many tourists have never heard of this favoured East Coast resort, where Norfolk jackets and Sandringham boots are, as they say in Arctic circles, *de rigueur*. Nevertheless, Sheringham is like the seaweed or the bay tree, flourishing. Some very exciting contests have recently taken place on the links, and there has been a brisk competition at the Library for the latest works of fiction. It is whispered that an eminent member of the Faculty is engaged on perfecting a system, whereby bottled Sheringham air can be forwarded to London and the great manufacturing centres. But those with sound minds in unsound bodies will take unlimited draughts at the fountain head. Billiard tables in grand going order.

Scarborough.—The Spa is in full swing, and the pony-chaise jockeys in their gay jackets are racing with Time all day long. Why is it that these jockeys cannot thrive anywhere else? They have tried them at Bridlington, and several neighbouring resorts, but in a very short time their gay jackets get faded and their wearers forlorn. Only at Scarborough can these humming-birds on horseback be seen to perfection. The Russian Prince, who came last week to drink the waters of the Spa, was doubtless disappointed when he found that the "Kur" was not on hand, but, inasmuch as he and his resplendent lady have, notwithstanding their aqueous disappointment, continued their sojourn, it may be safely asserted that the Queen-Empress of the Yorkshire seaboard possesses attractions superior to those of the Baltic or the Caspian. Among the cricketers of the neighbourhood there is some talk of erecting a life-size statue to Mr. C. I. THORNTON, the beneficent batsman to be represented with a willow in his right hand and a pot of jam balanced on a bun in his left. A party of Edinburgh antiquaries have recently arrived to investigate the connection between Robin Hood's Bay and the bold outlaw of Sherwood Forest. The consumption of Scotch whiskey has consequently increased. A municipal bye-law for the prevention of importing the Mac-Hamburg, Glen Bremen, and Loch Antwerp brands is earnestly demanded by the explorers.

En Blanc.

Mrs. Simpleton Cheville. I see that white stockings are very much worn now.

Affable Shop-walker. Yes, madam. You see that on a muddy day they show the splashes of dirt so easily, and that's a great advantage to the wearer.

[Mrs. S. C. immediately buys a dozen pairs of lactral-hurd hose.

At Ostend.

Biffles (to TIFFLES). In this bloomin' country everyone's a prince or a marquise or a baron or a nob of some sort, so I've just shoved you down in the Visitors' Book as Lord HARTHUR MACOSBIAN, and me as the Dook of FITZDAZZLE!

Tiffles. Well, now, that is a lark! What'd our missuses say?

[And what did their "Missuses" say when B. and T., held in pawn by the hotel proprietor (charging aristocratic prices), had to write home to Peckham Rye for considerable advances from the family treasures?



KLONDYKE!

DARBY JONES AT YORK.

HONOURED SIR.—The ancient stronghold of the archbishops of the North, the universal emporium of those porcine delicacies which the ignorant French invariably describe as *jambons de Yorck*, and the headquarters of the Truculent Tyke, the city "pleasantly situated" (as the guide books have it) on the rivers Foss and Ouse, is to my mind chiefly remarkable for the stretch of Turf somewhat inauspiciously known as Knavesmire. For some occult reason the Romans preferred to style the town Eboracum; and therefore his grace the prelate signs himself "Ebor," and the race of the August meeting is termed the Great Ebor Handicap. A not illiterate friend declares that the appellation was derived from a man called Ebor the Keen Knight, whose wife knocked a nail into the skull of a foreign military commander the while he was sleeping off the effects of a most potent draught of something stronger than water. As I am no Historian, my learned friend may, like a certain waggish barrister, have been pulling my leg. If so, he may go on hauling, for I believe that my shanks are attached to my body with tolerable security against accident and misadventure.

Waiving aside this *persiflage* (ever since the Grand Prix, I cannot help drifting into Gallic verse), I beg you to believe, honoured Sir, that a pleasanter place of sojourn than York does not exist in HAN MAJESTY'S dominions. I look upon the magnificent cathedral with awe, but I gaze upon the splendid breakfasts provided at the hotels with unconcealed delight. In the South we are supposed to be *gourmands* (Paris again!) of the first water if we consume, say, a haddock, a rasher of bacon, and a couple of eggs to our morning meal. At York, the honest waiter or dainty parlourmaid stares at you with astonishment if, in addition to raiding the warm food, you do not make the fiercest onslaught on to the succulent cold viands with which the sideboard is reeking—I was going to say groaning, but sideboards in prose only reek. And the Yorkshire grouse! Ah, Sir! he is a bird to be thought well of in any Ornithological Happy Family. Mr. ARCHIBALD STUART-WORTLEY has frequently shewn him on Canvas with a marvellous accuracy of brush and gun combined, but associated with chipped potatoes let him smoke for me on a Dish. Mellowed by a bottle of choice Burgundy, the Yorkshire grouse flies away from his cousins over the Border. But this Gastronomic Elegy has nothing to do with the question of Knavesmire, where the Aristocracy of the largest county in England foregather with the unanimity of Penguins in the uninhabited isles of the Southern Pacific. As my esteemed friend Baron von KINKLESTEIN, Knight of the Order of the Cygnet of Mesopotamia, once remarked, "At York you do not know which to admire most, the ladies with two legs or the ladies with four." He was considered a bit of a Bard in the Fatherland, but, I regret to say, so misused his talents in orthography that he is now being entertained by our Queen-Empress regardless of expense. But, with all his faults, he was decidedly superior to that Italian-Swiss waiter who, callous to one's feelings, made bold to tell me that if Yorkshire only produced decent cheese, it would be worth visiting. And the host had just consumed at least half a pound of



Mrs. Mashem. "BULL-BULL AND I HAVE BEEN SITTING FOR OUR PHOTOGRAPHS AS 'BEAUTY AND THE BEAST'!"

Lord Lorrus (a bit of a Fancier). "YES; HE CERTAINLY IS A BEAUTY, ISN'T HE?"

the best Wensleydale, which I put before the primest Stilton.

Now to business—hoofs, not fromage. The Laureate sings enigmatically:—

There are some, who will prate of a Bay,
A Compozer some others will please,
Private Mission, well-backed on the day,
Belgie River will hold at his ease.

But for us none of these will I claim,
All the East End I throw to the wind,
Toes-in-front is the horse that I name,
With the Homs of the Grouse close behind.

And if there be any to upset the pot,
The Corn-cof, the Aster, and Nip beat the lot.

I salute you, *mon rédacteur*, trusting that, like myself, you have recently profited by the wondrous resurrection of

Castle Or. A rogue who wins at 33 to 1 in a field of five, even at Alexandra Park, is worth following, in the opinion of

Your devoted henchman and heeler,
DARBY JONES.

P.S.—My friend the MACTAVISH tells me that he has despatched two boxes of grouse birds, not from Yorkshire, but from Glen MacWhuskey, addressed to me. Have they arrived?

[No such boxes have arrived, but the Commissionaire at the door informs us, on inquiry, that an emissary from a West-end poulterer called yesterday, and was anxious to know the address of a person answering to D. J.'s description, who had ordered three brace of grouse and not paid for them.—Ed.]



ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES OF SHOOTING FROM A BUTT.

Keeper (on Moor rented by the latest South African Millionaire, to Guest). "NEVER MIND THE BIRDS, SIR. FOR ONNY SAKE, LIE DOWN! THE MAISTER'S GAWN TAE SHOOT!"

AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT.

A DIALOGUE STORY IN SEVEN PARTS.

PART III.

SCENE—The Drawing-room. MR. JASON BOWATER has just entered. He is about forty-five, spare, of medium height, but dignified appearance. He wears a trimly-pointed beard and gold eye-glasses; his manner and speech have a faintly scholastic flavour.

Bowater. How do you do, Miss VYVIAN? Ah, ALABASTER—the very man I wanted to see! I called at your house on my way up the hill. You will find something I left there for you when you go back. Mr. ALABASTER, my dear Miss NORA, is good enough to give me his invaluable assistance with some of the manuscripts which I can no longer cope with single-handed. Perhaps he has mentioned it?

Nora. Yes. He—he did mention it. I can't imagine why my Aunt is not in yet.

Bowater. I am afraid her bicycle must have gone wrong again. I met her near the station, and she had been obliged to stop to have the hind tyre repaired. We had a little talk, but she had to go over to Fitcham, she told me, and was in rather a hurry. I mentioned to her that I'd been looking through an anonymous manuscript lately which has struck me very much. In fact, I really believe that I've unearthed a new genius—unless indeed. . . . Why, do you know, the suspicion did just cross my mind that it might be—

Nora (involuntarily). Oh, I'm so glad! I felt sure that you— (Checking herself.) Please don't notice what I said—it slipped out.

Bowater. I won't ask any indiscreet questions. But, disguise their style as they may, there is a touch about our best authors' work which— Really, ALABASTER, it's a most extraordinary book, and if you don't share my enthusiasm about it—

Gerald. Well, I—I may have read it carelessly. I'm very glad, as it happens, that you came to a different conclusion about it.

Bowater. But you can't have read it at all yet! I've only just left it at your house, in a small black bag, which by-the-bye, I'll call for on my way home.

Gerald. Did you look at my report on *Stolen Sweets*? If not, I—I'd just as soon you didn't, you know.

Bowater. *Stolen Sweets*—let me see, oh, yes, I read what you said about that. Very poor stuff, evidently.

Nora (to herself). Oh, dear, and I made sure it was all right! (Aloud, to BOWATER.) Have you read it yourself yet?

Bowater. After his report? No, I knew I should merely be wasting my time. I told one of my people to see that it was returned at once with the usual formula, and the author has probably received it by now.

Gerald (ruefully). I'm afraid she has!

Bowater. A lady, is it? Well, we publishers can't afford to be chivalrous in these matters. If women will write trash, why—! And I've always gone upon the principle, since I've been in business, of never allowing my name to be associated with any fiction that had not some claim to be considered Literature. On that point I'm inflexible. (Sounds are heard outside.) Ah, our hostess—at last!

Gerald (to himself). Poor old BOWATER! When he finds out! But he can't blame me.

Camilla (appearing at the doorway, looking heated and dishevelled). I know I'm abominably late—but I've been upset.

Nora (breathlessly). Did—you—did you get to Fitcham?

Camilla. No—so provoking, I only got about half way when, just in the quietest part of the road, the hem of my skirt caught in the pedal and threw me down, and there I lay, helpless, till somebody came by and set me free. . . . No, I wasn't in the least hurt, but it was so late, and my wretched tyre was in such a state, that I turned back, and had to walk most of the way.

Nora (to herself). How fortunate she broke down before she reached the post-office.

Camilla. Now, I must just rush up and make myself fit to be seen. I won't be long. Mr. BOWATER, did I hear you, when I had to leave you a little while ago, beginning to tell me about some manuscript you were interested in?

Bowater. Interested! My dear Miss LYDE, completely carried away! Whoever the author may be, and—hem—his identity is not revealed at present, I really don't know when—!

Camilla (endeavouring to conceal her delight). You must tell me all about it at lunch. I can't stop now.

Bowater. Take care, Miss LYDE. If I am once started on that subject, I shall become a bore—a positive bore!

Camilla (smiling). Ah, I am not afraid of that, dear Mr. BOWATER. I am quite curious, I assure you. (She goes.)

Bowater. Miss VYVIAN, unless I am mistaken, I foresee quite a pleasant little comedy over this.

Nora (in distress). No, Mr. BOWATER, no—indeed you are mistaken. It—it won't be that. Oh, for goodness' sake, tell him, GERALD, it's the only thing you can do now!

Gerald (reluctantly, to BOWATER). Well—er—the fact is, I'm afraid Miss LYDE thought it was *Stolen Sweets* you were so enthusiastic about.

Bowater. Stolen Sweet's—why, I've rejected that—on your recommendation.

Gerald. I know. I—I gave you my candid opinion. But if I'd known it was Miss LYDE's—

Bowater (petrified). Miss LYDE's!! ALABASTER, do you mean to tell me that you have actually misled me into rejecting a work by Miss LYDE?

Gerald (crestfallen). I'm awfully sorry. But, really, if you'd read it yourself—

Bowater. I wish to Heaven I had! But I thought I could depend on your judgment, and this is the result! To condemn a novel of *hers* in that offhand way. It's either conceit, Sir, or the most unpardonable ignorance—I don't care which.

Nora. Both, I'm afraid.

Gerald. Oh, all right, pitch into me, if it's any relief to you. You can tell her it's all my doing.

Bowater. I shall not attempt to shelter myself in any such way, Sir. She would only think the worse of me if I did. But when I think that the next time she calls at that post office, she will find— Ah, if I had only waited a day before returning that manuscript! But there, it's too late—it's too late, now!

Nora. I've an idea. I could bicycle over directly after lunch and ask if there is any parcel for M. N. If it's there, they would be sure to give it up to me, and if it's not, I could leave instructions to re-address it to Lebanon Lodge, and then you would get it again, and my Aunt would never know.

Bowater. My dear Miss NORA, it's an inspiration! If you will only do that, I—I shall be unspeakably obliged. It will get me out of this most embarrassing— But there's another difficulty. Suppose in the meantime Miss LYDE questions me about that other manuscript—the one I was foolish enough to mention to her?

Nora. You haven't told her the title, or what it was about?

Bowater. Fortunately the title has quite escaped me. I don't remember noticing it. And I had no time to go into particulars.

Nora. Then if she supposes it is *Stolen Sweet's*, why undeceive her?

Bowater. I could praise it with a clear conscience. I accept it beforehand. I know it's a masterpiece, in spite of our critical young friend here. Only, the—the worst of it is that she'll naturally wish to know what parts I admire most—and I haven't read a word of it!

Nora. But GERALD has. He told me he could pass an exam. in it. GERALD, coach Mr. BOWATER—quick—before my Aunt comes down!

Bowater. I only want an outline—names—a scene or two—anything I can go upon. I think you owe me that, ALABASTER!

Gerald (shamefacedly). Oh, I'll do my best. (*Taking BOWATER aside.*) It opens something like this: The heroine—

[*He proceeds to pour a rapid summary of the plot into BOWATER's eager ears.*]

Bowater. Yes, yes. I see. I've got that. What next? . . . No, stop—I hear Miss LYDE!

Camilla (enters, cool, fresh, and smiling). Now let us go to lunch. I'm sure you must all be ravenous!

[*She leads the way into the dining-room.*]

Bowater (detaining NORA, and speaking in an agonised undertone). Miss VYVIAN, for Heaven's sake keep Miss LYDE off the novel if you can. Her plot seems most complicated. And ALABASTER hasn't told me half of it yet!

Nora. It will be all right, Mr. BOWATER, I'm sure it will. GERALD will prompt you, if it's necessary.

Gerald. I shall put my foot in it somewhere, I know. I never was a good liar!

Nora (indignantly). Don't run yourself down like that, GERALD. I'm sure you're an excellent liar!

Bowater. Understand me, ALABASTER, I don't ask you to descend to actual untruth. Personally, though I am prepared to say anything rather than cause a moment's pain to a charming lady whom I respect and admire, I shall endeavour to avoid any downright falsehood—if possible. But, should I find myself forced to—to refer to you for corroboration of matters of fact, I—I shall expect you to back me up, Sir.

Nora. And if you don't, I'll never speak to you again!

Gerald (sulkily). Well, if I must, I must. But Miss LYDE will spot something if we stay in here whispering like a lot of conspirators. Let's go in and get it over.

[*NORA and he go towards the dining-room.*]

Bowater (to himself, as he follows). A conspirator, that's what I am. If I can only leave this house without having betrayed myself, I shall be a fortunate man. And I came here with the fixed intention of— But one thing's certain—it would be madness to propose to her this afternoon!

[*They enter the dining-room.*]



MORNING CIVILITIES.

(Overheard at Scarborough.)

Small Boy (to Chum, on his way to sands with Donkeys and Foal).

"HOLLO, BILLY! HOW MUCH FOR T' LITTLE UN'?"

Billy. "GET AWAY! THY MOTHER CAN'T AFFORD TO KEEP TWO O' YER!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Few things in recent literature are more pathetic than the Preface written by Mrs. OLIPHANT to what proved to be the last book published (SMITH, ELDER) in her long and busy lifetime. *The Ways of Life* comprise two stories linked by the common incident of failure on the part of hard-working business men, trouble falling upon them when they are past the prime of life, and have no chance of re-establishing themselves. Mr. Sandford is a painter who has won his way to the rank of Royal Academician. One day he finds his pictures cease to sell, and that he who once commanded the market is beginning to be spoken of by his friend as "poor SANDFORD." Mr. Robert Dalryell was something in the City. In his fiftieth year a long course of financial prosperity was suddenly overclouded by prospect of bankruptcy. In the Preface Mrs. OLIPHANT tells how she came to write these sombre stories. They were, she says, produced "under influence of the strange discovery a man makes when he finds himself carried away by the retiring waters, no longer coming in upon the top of the wave, but going out. "The discovery," she testifies, "comes in diverse ways: in the unresponsive silence which greets an orator who was once interrupted by perpetual cheers; in the publishing of a book which drops and is never heard of more; in the matter of unsold pictures; in the changed accent with which the fickle public pronounce a once-favoured name." Mrs. OLIPHANT does not make direct admission of her own apprehension, but it is clear that at the time of writing, the shadows were falling fast. "On the Ebb Tide," she called her Preface. Now, like *Barkis*, she has "gone out with the tide," leaving on the hither shore this last of an almost countless tale of books. It is pleasing to note that in the matter of finished workmanship it shows no sign of the failure she dreaded.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE REAL "MULLER."—Not the fanatic who has caused the frontier tribes of India to rise, but quite a different personage.



Brown. "LIGHT-HEARTED, CARELESS SORT OF CHAP OUR YOUNG FRIEND THERE! I DO BELIEVE HE'D ROB HIS OWN FATHER, AND BE DELIGHTED!"

Robinson. "WELL—ER—TRANSPORTED RATHER THAN DELIGHTED, I SHOULD HAVE SAID."

A BID FOR FREEDOM.

(Extracted from the Private Correspondence of Master Thomas Tittlebat, and kept until the Summer Vacation for Holiday reading.)

MY DEAR UNCLE,—I know that you like to have a letter from your affectionate nephew, and so, as usual, I am writing you a line just now, and as I am doing so, I wish to remind you that it is my birthday on Monday week. You should send off your present by parcel-post on Friday at latest, so that it may reach me by the proper day. Besides the regular present, a hamper would be very acceptable, as I require nourishment after the hard work of last term. (Remember, it must be sent on Friday—not later.) The one you sent me last term was no good, I regret to say, because it was seized by JONES major, who is a liar. I will tell you about this.

JONES major has a father, who is the Radical member of the House of Com-

mons, and JONES is always talking rot about politics, and spouting speeches. Why, you may ask, do I listen to him? Alas! my dear uncle, I have no choice. Once I did point out in the politest way that he was getting a little mixed in his arguments. His reply was most forcible. I had to go to the cook, and beg for a piece of raw beef-steak.

Towards the end of last term the temper of old BUNNY (our esteemed head master, better known to you as the Rev. RICHARD BUNBURY, M.A.) was simply too awful. He set impots. all over the place without the least excuse, and then gave out after prayers one night that a half-holiday would be taken away, because some one had smashed one of his blessed cucumber-frames with a five-ball, and he couldn't find out who it was. As soon as we got into the dormitory, JONES major had us all out into the passage, which he called "convening a general council." There he made a speech. He said that old

BUNNY's conduct was a disgrace to civilisation, which was quite true. Then he asked whether we would remain down-trodden slaves any longer? We didn't say anything at first, till JONES knocked together the heads of two small boys near him, calling them "spiritless worms," and told them to shout "No." So we all shouted "No"—not very loud, because of BUNNY. "Thank you, my gallant comrades," said JONES, "this spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm nerves me anew for the great struggle. We will begin to-morrow!"

JENKINS, who is nearly as big as JONES, asked what we should begin.

"We shall strike, you booby; we shall combine against the tyrant employer!" said JONES, savagely. "And now we must make preparations. We are sure to be met by a lock-out, so the first thing is to form a strike-fund. Every fellow must hand me over his week's pocket-money. I will administer the strike-pay myself!"

There was some murmuring at this, and a good deal of hesitation.

"If any dastardly black-leg," roared JONES, "is among us—if the heart of any of you chaps is so depraved as to distrust the great principle of co-operation—I'll jolly well punch his ugly head!"

So we had to hand over our pocket-money. But worse was to come for me.

"I saw a hamper in the hall just now," JONES continued, "addressed to you, young TITTLEBAT. That shall be used for the relief of necessitous strikers."

Such, my dear uncle, was the fate of your benevolent gift! Not so much as an acid drop from it reached the mouth of your unfortunate nephew.

Then JONES went on with his preparations. He set SMITHERS to write, "Down with the Tyrant!" "Who would be free, himself must strike!" and other things, in red ink, on pocket-handkerchiefs. Then he dictated a manifesto, which JACKSON had to write down. It told old BUNNY that our demands were (1) The half-holiday to be restored; (2) Jam for tea; (3) First school an hour later. It added that the great heart of the nation was with us, and that we would die rather than yield. Then JONES made another speech.

"To-morrow morning," he said, "we will refuse to go into school. We will form a procession, and march about the yard, and sing. CARSON, I appoint you a picket to see that no one slinks away. Then old BUNNY will come out, and a nice rage he'll be in. TITTLEBAT, you have been of distinct service to the cause; your hamper is most acceptable. Therefore you shall have a special honour. You shall be our delegate."

I didn't catch his meaning at first. "But I'm not delicate," I objected. "If you want me to go to the sick-room—"

"Delegate, you dunderheaded ninny!" shouted JONES, seizing my arm, and twisting it in the most unpleasant manner. "You and SMITHERS shall interview BUNNY on our behalf, and read him that manifesto."

Under the circumstances, I did not see my way to decline the honour.

Next day, the programme was duly carried out. Instead of going into school, we marched round the yard, waving our banners, and singing as much of the *Marseillaise* as we could remember. Soon old BUNNY appeared, in a towering rage, and wanted to know what this meant.

"SMITHERS and TITTLEBAT," shouted JONES, from the background, "are our

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—August 28, 1897.



ON THE ALERT!



THE JOYS OF TOURING.

Oldest Inhabitant. "WULL, ZIR, THE VINENT EIGHT IN THESE PARTS BE THE VINEDOOK, I RACKON, ZIR, AN' I BIN 'ERE NIGH ON EIGHTY YEAR COME," &c., &c.

Tourist. "VINEDOOK! NEVER HEARD OF IT. SOUNDS MOST INTERESTING. WE'LL GO AND SEE IT."

[But the Wiltshire pronunciation of "Viaduct" was more interesting than the real article.

accredited delegates. They will lay our views before you."

"SMITHERS and TITTLERAT," said BUNNY, "come to my study."

You never saw anything like old BUNNY's face when I read him our manifesto. "Thank you," he said, when I had finished. "That is a most interesting document. And now, if you don't mind, I mean to do a little striking myself!"

Over the scene that followed, my dear uncle, I draw a veil. I have scarcely yet recovered from the effects of it. Indeed,

it is not selfishness, as my mother declares, which causes me to select for myself the softest chairs in the room.

So I am sure you will agree that a large hamper (you will send it on Friday, won't you?) will be a welcome, though inadequate relief for the wounded feelings of your innocent and unfortunate nephew,

THOMAS TITTLERAT.

CURIOUS PHASE OF YEA AND NAY.—Those in the know at a race meeting always say "yes" when offered the odds.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Boating Man sculls in the dewy eve to the riverain house, where he supposes his lady-love is dwelling.

THERE'S a mist on the river to-night, my love,

A veil of a silver-grey hue,
That a man with a Röntgen ray light, my love,

Could not pierce at our dear old belle's

view.
There for weeks we foregathered and told the sweet tale

That ripens as ages go by;

Folks say that it's getting uncommonly stale,

Yet somehow it never can die.

There's a mist on the river to-night, my love,

And the banks are all reeking of dew,
But catarrh does not give me alight, my love,

Nor sore throat, when thinking of you.
I would recklessly welcome the challenge of cold,

Influenza would fearlessly meet,
If only we lived in the days, not so old,
When each minute, each second, was sweet!

There's a mist on the river to-night, my love,

There were mists when the moonbeams we'd see,

When we said what we should and we might, my love,

In the Kingdom of Going-to-be.

The argosy fair that we launched on the tide

From the summer-house under the slope,
Was freighted with plenty of young-hearted pride,

And captained by masterful Hope.

There's a mist on the river to-night, my love,

O'er the willows it hangs like a ghost
Of the argosy lost in our sight, my love,

With the treasure that we loved the most.

The treasure that's worth all the wealth of Klondyke,

And surpasses the gems of the Rand,
The claim that all hunters of fortune can strike,

That joins every heart with each hand!

There's a mist on the river to-night, my love,

I am chill as I sit in this boat,
I feel like a castaway wight, my love,

Who is somehow or other afloat.
I know you are thinking of me, and I think

Of the days that are gone with regret.
The mist parts! The moon! Horror! Give me a drink!

There's a board up—"This House is to Let!"

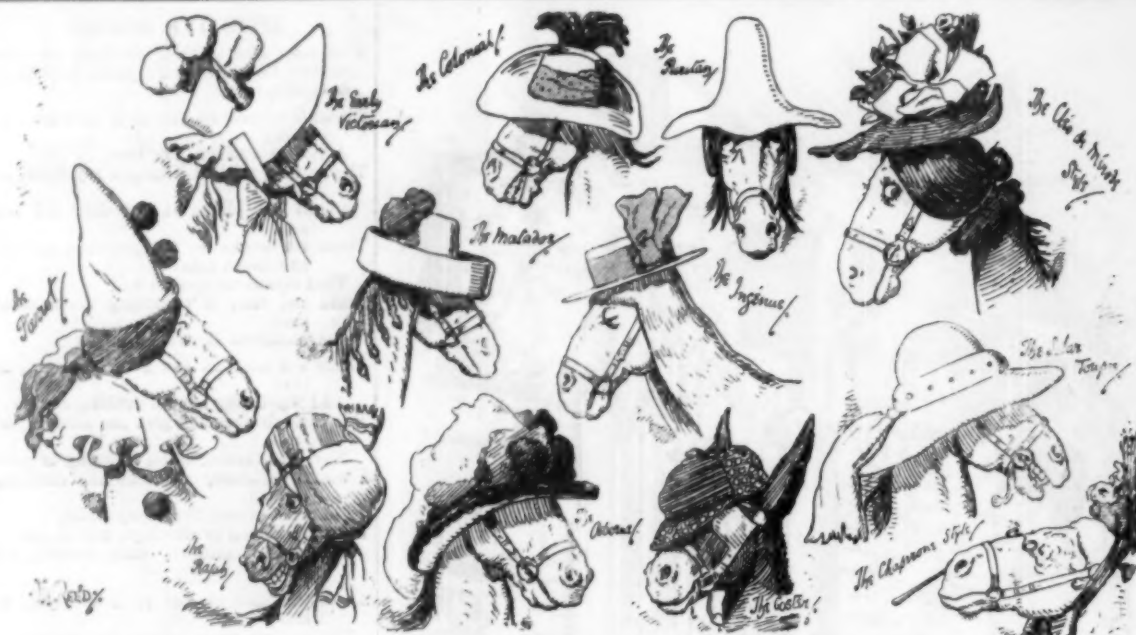
A Practical Agriculturist.

Keeper (to small farmer, who is "over the border" with a gun in his hand). Now, look 'ere, Mr. GRUBBINS, you know what's your land and what's ours.

Mr. Grubbins. In course I do; but surely you don't object to my seeing how your turnips is getting on!

[Keeper collapses.]

FRENCH ARITHMETIC.—The Republic can be numbered by millions, but at St. Petersburg it counts as Faure.



"SHALL HORSES WEAR BONNETS?"

A FEW DESIGNS FOR THE ASSISTANCE OF "THE TRADE"—ALL WARRANTED TO LOOK REMARKABLY WELL!

"DOWN SOUTH."

SOME years ago you, Sir, or one of yours—but *qui facit per alium, facit per se* (and lately, *en voyageur*, I have had to face it *per sea* pretty frequently)—recommended Bournemouth as being a place where one (or more) could spend a happy, healthful holiday. Now, when I hear any recommendation of anything by anybody given out *urbi et orbi*, experience has taught me to consider, deliberately, first, the *bona fides* of the utterer, secondly, the circumstances of the utterance. Being aware of possessing a too confiding disposition, I become acutely suspicious. I sit as judge to hear the pros and the cons; as counsel I examine witnesses; then, reappearing as judge, I sift the evidence, sum up, and direct the verdict.

To this judicial process I submitted your correspondent's recommendation, and, as the verdict was in his favour, I finally decided on acting in accordance with his advice.

When casually I mentioned to friends that I was going for a summer holiday to Bournemouth, my best friends—who do not care a hang where I go, provided that I do go and do not bother them—stared in astonishment, and would have attempted to dissuade me from carrying out my intention, had not the idea evidently occurred to them, as a second thought of the happiest description, that, by selecting Bournemouth for my summer-holiday residence, I should be choosing a spot, within measurable distance of which none of them would be in the least likely to be found. Only three among my bosom intimates exhibited any curiosity as to the exact time of my visit. These friends appeared much relieved on my expressing my intention of avoiding the Isle of Wight during "the Cowes week," and I subsequently ascertained (though they did not mention it at the time) that they were members of "the Squadron," and were due on board their small yachts for that special aquatic festivity.

They all wished me a "good time of it," and departed, the majority going north in search of the wily grouse (a fact they omitted to mention in my hearing), others to Homburg, Aix, and similar Continental resorts, where the burden of the chorus is "The Cure! the Cure! the Cure!"

After some considerably varied experience of watering-places and seaside resorts, both in summer and winter, I have come to the conclusion that all of them, wherever they may be, are uncommonly alike in their effect; only in summer your temporary residence must be on a height, away from the town, and in full view of the sea. At Bournemouth in August there is the purple heather (but no grouse, except at the poulterer's), and there are

woods of pine and fir, affording in summer a shade deliciously cool, but not so absolutely cold as that of the pine-forests on the hills above Royat.

At Bournemouth the air at early morn and dewy eve is sweet-scented, refreshing, and more or less invigorating, according to the constitution of the visitor. If only you are a moderately good sailor, there is so great a variety of trips by sea, in first-rate steamers, as will satisfy the aspirations and be within the pocket-compass of the most enthusiastic of nautical amateurs. With such chances by land as Bournemouth can offer, you will have change in full for your money. Ashore there is amusement for everyone, plenty of "places to go to"; river-fishing, picturesque walks and drives, at fairly reasonable prices. Mr. DAN GODFREY, junior, Lieutenant DAN GODFREY's musical heir, conducts a large orchestra, which is divided between the Pier and the Winter Garden, and on Saturday evenings uniting its forces, it comes out uncommonly strong with a popular programme, supplemented by good comic singing, and other entertainments, either by conjurers, or whistlers, or ventriloquists, or, it may be, by all three.

In the afternoons there is always at these same Winter Gardens, which, by the way, is an enticing but deceptive name in Summer—a more or less classical concert, as an attraction for those more seriously and dozily-disposed persons, who, having dined early or heavily lunched (for Bournemouth does produce a powerful appetite), do not grudge their sixpence for entrance to these gardens, where, in a huge glass-house, there are chairs and benches where they can "lazily, lazily, drowsily, drowsily" enjoy the sweet strains of most superior composers. It is conceivable that there might be a better place for sound than this same Hothouse, where the orchestral performers appear as it were planted amidst ferns, and may be individually and collectively considered as an essential portion of the Fern-iture. Perhaps, instead of "Classical Concerts," the afternoon performances as given here might be known as "The Glassical Concerts." Mr. DAN GODFREY will see to this; and that he should be permanent musical director at Bournemouth is sufficient guarantee for the popularity of the selections and for the excellence of the performance.

But the special attraction offered by Bournemouth to its visitors, during its summer season, is in the shape of a bait, a sea-bait, not a "ground-bait," held out by the steamboat companies, whether antagonistic or co-operative this deponent knoweth not, for "excursions" (without the Shakspearian addition of "alarums") to all sorts of places along the English coast, ranging from Brighton to Torquay, and, occasionally, a voyage to the



ALL OVER!

"HULLOA, BOB, YOU DOWN HERE! HOW MISERABLE YOU LOOK! WHAT IS IT?"

"TED, DO YOU REMEMBER THAT LOVELY DARK GIRL WE MET AT THE FIELDS? I GAVE HER LESSONS ON THE BICYCLE."

"WELL!"

"WELL, SHE HAS LEARNED!"

French coast, visiting Boulogne or Cherbourg. Of these two last "trips" I have not as yet had experience, but to those who are only moderately qualified sailors, I can confidently recommend the others, especially if you have your own party, so as to secure your own seats together, and your own table for lunch and the "Five o'clock."

On these steamers everything is of the A-wunnest character, with one exception; and to rectify this these Southern steamboat companies might well take a hint from the perfect arrangements on the Calais-Douvres line. *Empress, Monarch, Lord Elgin, and Brodick Castle*, are ruled by sturdy captains, who know when the *dulce* moment has arrived for them to *desipere in loco*, and served by civil sailors, and polite pursers. There is capital catering at reasonable rates, and, with the exception of coffee, for which, if you are accustomed as a hardy mariner "to rough it," you can easily substitute tea, the veriest "stow-away" (as regards wittles and drink) will be thoroughly satisfied.

Mem.—Go on board a good hour before starting. The early Boarder secures the best place. This is important.

Mem.—After stepping on deck, saluting, and reporting yourself to the captain with "Come aboard, cap'en!" scuttle away below, all hands on the deck-chairs, on which, when you have placed them in position and taken their numbers, place your coats, newspaper, and any *impedimenta* you may be carrying with you. This strategic movement having been taken, seek out the steward or under-steward, or under-steward's assistant, give him the number of your party, and secure your seats for a certain hour, say lunch at 12.30, which gives you a good half hour's start of other hungry *voyageurs*, who will not appear on the scene until one o'clock, when the hot dishes appear, of which you will not partake, but be satisfied with quite fresh and just-boiled lobster (reminding you of the shell-fish at Swanage), cold chicken, and tongue or ham, and a good salad, which you will mix for yourself.

But this is anticipating. If the boat starts at 10.30, you will be aboard by 9.30, and from your vantage ground you will find amusement enough during the next hour in observing the genuine tourist-varieties that have come here from all parts of Great Britain and Ireland for a holiday, spiced with a sprinkling of lively French, and "stolidified" by no inconsiderable number of Germans. Judging from the odour of some of the cigars, you,

although a smoker, and it may be a good sailor, will be grateful to the captain or his first mate for drawing particular attention to the order that smoking is strictly forbidden on this deck, and still further grateful to him for seeing it enforced. Of course, anyone refusing to obey the captain would be at once put in irons, and— But let us hope even the sternest martinet will never have to proceed to extremities.

ABDUL SEDET.

ABDUL AZIZ sat on a wall,
And didn't care aught about storm or squall;
He laughed at the Powers, who made much brag,
And defiantly waved his Moslem flag.
He laughed, for he knew that his game was won,
That wolves (with the sheep) were foiled and done,
That whenever he wanted a card to play
He'd only to get up a fresh affray.
Armenia! Greece! What mattered the spot?
So long as the battle was fierce and hot.
So ABDUL AZIZ sits on the wall,
And don't care a rap for the Powers' call;
He'll sit and he'll sit till the crack of doom,
For he knows that there's never a foe with a broom!

From Our Irrepressible One.

(Apparently concealed on the Scottish Moors.)

Fair American (new to Great Britain, but looking out for an eligible Duke). Say, what's the meaning of a grouse-drive?
Myself (the I. O.). We harness them to light buggies, and make a match of it. ["But I didn't," adds the I. O.

Not to be Outdone.

Britisher (to Citizen of the United States). What did you think of our Diamond Jubilee?
U. S. Citizen. Fair, Sirree, very fair, but just you wait till we bring off our Ruby Commemoration!



Obliging Horseman (of riverside breeding). "AVE A TOW UP, MINE!"

AUGUST EN ANGLETERRE.

AUGUST IN ENGLAND.

DEAR MISTER.—The english in-head has the air of to be translated from the french in-head. But no! *Ce n'est pas moi, c'est le mois.* And what month of movement, of vacations! All the world, from the royal family just to the most poor little child of the "Eastend" renders himself, if that can himself, to a station of railway. The ones, the princes, go to Goodwood and to Cowes; the others, the poor little child, conducted by the good clergymen and by the amiable instructresses of the schools, go to pass the day at the country for there to see, them also, the good woods and the cows. Ah the poor littles, *les pauvres petits!*

All the world is in voyage. The first monday the workers dispense much of money for to make some excursions to the border of the sea. *Partout* some trains of pleasure—*de plaisir, oh la, la!* And during all the month in all the streets of London enormously of "fourwheelers" cabs, and of omnibuses, covered of baggages and of bicyclettes. The trains are full, the stations are full. The factors, *facteurs*, are suchly occupied that one is obliged of to carry his baggages himself. And the hotels are still more full. Not only in England, but in Scotland, in France, in Swiss, *partout*. What of english travellers!

Thus I rest all tranquilly still some days at London. There he has there enough of place! Since the great heat of the first days of the month the temperature is less elevated. In effect some days he has made very fine and very agreeable. I walk myself at my ease, dressed of very light habits and of hat of straw. How the streets are desert! In the Piccadilly there is not almost anybody. And yet the park at side is still very beautiful. But what difference since the feasts of the Jubilee! *Mon Dieu!*

I amuse myself much to think to the losses of the speculators so rapacious who made to construct the tribunes for that day there. They have well merited their sort, *leur sort*. But I have heard to say that the railways, the hotels, the theatres, the

magazines, the librarians-editors, the merchants of bicyclettes and of all sorts of things, have lost also some enormous sums. What damage, *quel dommage!* I demand myself for why. Who then has gained? The Londonians have dispensed enormously of money, and nobody has gained anything. Excepted perhaps the Germans, who fabricated much of decorations, of remembrances, *souvenirs*, for these english feasts.

It are alldays the Germans who gain. If NAPOLEON First lived still, for sure it would be the Germans whom he could call "A Nation of Shoppers." You other English you are very amiable and you love the Germans when even, *quand même*, for you let them to serve themselves of your country for to train the pigeons of their Ministry of War. *Bah, c'est trop fort!* Your compatriots love much the *tir-aux-pigeons* at Monte Carlo. Eh well, why the english sportsmans shoot they not on the german pigeons? Me I admire not much the shoot to the pigeons. It is a sport truly despicable. But in a such case it would be a sport of the most admirables, of the most patriotics.

The Emperor WILLIAM would be furious, he would send some telegrams *partout*, he would implore the sympathy of his best friends, MISTER KRUGER and the SULTAN—*ah, les dignes associés*, GUILLAUME, PAUL, ABDUL *et Cie.*!—he would demand of new, with still more of violence, the augmentation of the german marine, but he would rest of it at that. And the English also. Your marine so magnificent, she is alldays the best. As says the english poet, you would "put your fingers to your nose and stretch your thumb." Agree, &c., AUGUST.

"OUR SQUARE AT THE SEASIDE."

(Extract from an Intercepted Letter.)

WE are quite proud of our doings. You must know we have a committee, and they manage it all for us. We have all sorts of burning questions. Some one wanted to bring in dogs without muzzles, but the committee sternly interposed, and said they mustn't do anything of the sort. Many of our houses are let out in apartments to people from Town, and we can't admit them. The gardener was ordered "to exclude any dog unmuzzled, or which may do mischief or cause annoyance, and to report the matter to the committee." Some of us thought that the committee were rather putting too much responsibility upon the shoulders of the gardener. How can he tell from the appearance of a dog if he may do mischief? Why, any dog *may* do mischief. However, the gardener, when he has any doubt, will probably report the matter to the committee.

We all hope that another direction to the gardener to "exclude dogs" will not keep him unduly from his work—which, after all, is to see to the seeds, the grass, and gravel-paths. The picture of the gardener, "excluding a dog," chivving it here, there, and everywhere, has made our BOSS go into fits. But our lad is noted for his sense of the humorous. Then our committee have very kindly been looking after our keys for us. They say that "our keys are not to be lent to strangers!" This is a happy thought. If we had not this rule to guide us we should have been parting with our keys to every passer by. We should have been calling to every stranger, "Here, my good Sir, you are doubtless *en route* for Australia. Take my key of the Square. You can return it when you come back from the land of the Southern Cross."

We have not much fault to find with our committee, save that perhaps they are not sufficiently explicit in their "regulations" for our guidance. For instance, they say "that persons must close the gates on entering and leaving the gardens," and yet utter not a single word about opening the same. How on earth are people to get into the garden unless they open the gates? That is what is bothering us just at present. However, at the moment it is impossible to consult the gardener. It would be perfectly cruel to bother him on so trivial a matter when he has so much to do in the arriving at the true characters of dogs (and some curs are so deceitful), and reporting the matter to the committee. I may have something further to say about our Square when I write to you next.

Mem. by a Manager.

To say "boo" to a goose requires some doing. In theatres 'tis the goose who does the "boosing." And though a man may do the best he can, Sir, Anser will hiss, though hissing may not answer!

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